

# This Is for My G's

Boss Hogg Outlawz

This is for the G's, and this is for the hustlers  
Out there on the grind, trying to satisfy the customers

This is for the G's, and this is for the hustlers  
All the real grinders, I ain't fucking with you busters  
That go get it, and come back with it  
PJ I can't quit it, to the game I'm committed  
Jealous niggaz and snitches, hoes and fake bitches  
I'll be damned, if I let em interfere with my riches  
And I know the consequences, if a nigga get caught  
That's why I stay away from haters, while I'm filling the vault  
what

I put the G in gangsta, the H in hustler  
Young Black counting stacks, rocking diamond clusters  
From dusk to dawn, I be getting it on  
The early bird get the worm, so I'm up in the morn'  
I got straight drop, so fiends circle the block  
They smell the cooking, or they can hear me scraping the pot  
Uh ring the alarm, and tell em to come get it  
They looking for hard white, and I'm the first one with it for  
the G's

This is for the G's, for the fact that I'm one of them  
This is for the hustlers, for the fact I know a ton of them  
Out the Boyz N' Blue click, see I'm the one that run the South  
During the winter time, I spot it like a haunted house  
Gouling monsters, fiends and things  
How else you think I overflowed, the pinky ring with bling nigg  
a  
You see all these different colored, diamonds and shit  
Well let me tell ya, it don't just come from rhyming and shit y  
a know

This is for the G's, and this is for the hustlers  
Out there on the grind, trying to satisfy the customers  
Never sell lying, trying to satisfy the busters  
I do it for them Dirty South blocks, cause they trust us  
I'm repping for the real thugs, shake the fake  
State to state, doing what it take to make  
Another ten G stacks, sitting fat staying hungry  
You in it for the fame mayn, we do it for the money